



margarida vale de gato
maria antónia lima

António Macedo [A.M.] – realizador de filmes de longa e curta metragem, e de séries de televisão; ensaísta e escritor; nomeadamente de livros de ficção científica e fantástico.

Fernando Ribeiro [F.R.] – vocalista e letrista da banda portuguesa de heavy metal Moonspell. Escritor; colunista de revistas de música, poeta.

Filipe Abranches [F.A.] – autor de BD e ilustrador; realizador de cinema e animação.

Filipe Melo [F.M.] – realizador do primeiro filme zombi em Portugal, I will see you in my dreams, e da série Um Mundo Catita; professor e pianista de jazz.

Paula Ribeiro [P.R.] – professora de musicologia na Universidade Nova de Lisboa; investigadora do Centro de Estudos de Sociologia e Estética Musical; dramaturga e encenadora músico-teatral.

António Macedo [A.M.] – short and feature film director, TV series director, essayist and writer, mostly of science fiction and fantastic books.

Fernando Ribeiro [F.R.] – lead singer and lyricist of Moonspell, a heavy metal Portuguese band. Writer, columnist in music magazines, poet.

Filipe Abranches [F.A.] – Comic book author and illustrator; animation and cinema film director.

Filipe Melo [F.M.] – director of the first zombie film in Portugal. I will see you in my dreams, and of the Um Mundo Catita TV series; jazz teacher and pianist.

Paula Ribeiro [P.R.] – professor of Musicology at the New University of Lisbon; researcher at the Sociology and Musical Aesthetics Studies Centre; playwright and music and theatre stage manager.

O Centro de Estudos Anglisticos da Universidade de Lisboa celebrou os 200 anos de Edgar Allan Poe (1809-1849), com o colóquio internacional *Poe e Criatividade Gótica*, organizado pelo grupo de investigação de Estudos Americanos, em parceria com instituições culturais de Lisboa, de 18 a 20 de Março. Na Casa Fernando Pessoa, houve comunicações sobre Poe em Portugal, uma leitura encenada de poesia e um debate que reuniu cinco criadores, representantes da vocação interdisciplinar do género. A moderadora, Maria Antónia Lima, professora associada da Universidade de Évora, e autora de *O Terror e a Literatura Norte-Americana*, lançou o mote, citando Allen Ginsberg – "tudo leva a Poe" – e desafiou os participantes com três questões:

1. QUAL A INFLUÊNCIA DE POE PARA O UNIVERSO CRIATIVO DAS ARTES A QUE SE DEDICAM?

[F.A.] Podemos todos envregar a máscara gótica, o que se prende com as questões dos géneros. Pensando no título do painel, o que imediatamente me ocorre é que a arte é fantástica quando é boa...

Eu, que venho da área do cinema, tenho um especial apreço pelo género fantástico. Por outro lado, sou completamente anti-género, o que se revela – ou melhor, não se revela – no meu trabalho. Sou algo camaleónico, inspiro-me em muitas obras e autores, e mudo rapidamente de estilo, o que tem a ver com a minha posição de procura constante nas artes e na vida. Se nos compartimentarmos em géneros ou estilos, pode haver o risco de não sairmos. Para o

To celebrate the 200th anniversary of the birth of Edgar Allan Poe (1809-1849), the Centre for English Studies of the University of Lisbon (ULICES) held the international symposium *Poe and Gothic Creativity*. It was organised by the American Studies research group in association with other Lisbon cultural institutions, and took place between the 18th and 20th March, 2009. The Fernando Pessoa House hosted academic presentations about Poe in Portugal, a staged poetry reading and a round-table with five artists, representing how interdisciplinary the genre is. To kick off, the moderator, Maria Antónia Lima, Professor of North-American Literature at the Universidade de Évora and author of *Terror and North-American Literature*, quoted Allen Ginsberg – "everything leads to Poe" – and challenged the participants with three questions:

1. WHAT IS POE'S INFLUENCE IN THE CREATIVE UNIVERSE OF THE ARTISTIC FIELDS YOU WORK IN?

[F.A.] Anyone can wear the gothic mask, which is related to the issue of genre. When I think about this panel's title, the first thing that occurs to me is that art is fantastic when it is good... Since my background is in cinema, I am particularly fond of the Fantastic genre. On the other hand, I'm completely anti-genre, which is revealed – or rather, it isn't – in my work. I consider myself as a sort of chameleon, drawing inspiration from a

EDGAR ALLAN POE—A BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

The life of Edgar Allan Poe was, like so many of his tales, short, poignant and strangely haunted. Afflicted by a nervous disorder which manifested itself in alcoholism, Poe died at the early age of forty. Yet he left behind him a literary legacy, particularly in the field of the short story, unrivaled to this day.

Poe was born in Boston on January 19, 1809, the son of itinerant actors Betty and David Poe, and after an early childhood spent in a succession of shabby dressing rooms was orphaned at the age of three. Taken in by John and Frances Allan of Richmond, the child grew up under the care of Mrs. Allan and her elderly servant Nancy. In 1815 John Allan took his family to England and Scotland, and in 1816 Edgar was enrolled in a London boarding school. But Mrs. Allan was contracting tuberculosis and John Allan's business ventures were going badly, so the family returned to Richmond in 1820, moving into a cottage facing Clay Street. Edgar's education continued, first at Joseph W. Clarke's school and then at an academy run by William Burke.

A fine athlete—he set a broad-jump record of 21 feet 6 inches—and possessed of a brilliant mind, the young man seemed to have an assured future. Yet he was already something of a brooder. He enjoyed long walks with his poetically inclined older brother, William Henry, and scrawled numerous love poems delivered by his sister Rosalie to the girls of Miss Mackenzie's Seminary.

His relations with his foster father were never good, and were not improved by the boy's unsuccessful stint as a clerk in John Allan's store. In 1826 he won grudging consent to enter the University of Virginia, but received minimum financial help. The difficulties of his financial situation at college led him to drink, and eventually to gamble. He left the university at the end of one year, \$2,000 in debt, though among the top students in scholastic standing.

Returning to Richmond, he suffered a harsh disappointment. He had fallen in love with a Richmond girl named Elmira Royster, and had written her letters from college. But Elmira's parents had intercepted the letters and Elmira, assuming he had forgotten her, had become engaged to another man. Out of his heartbreak he wrote a long poem, *Tamerlane*, destined to become his first published work.

Friction with his foster father came to a head soon after, and following an angry argument Poe was forced to leave home. He headed for Boston, the city of his birth, and New England's budding literary center. For six weeks he tried unsuccessfully to obtain work and on May 26, 1827, enlisted in the U. S. Army under the name of Edgar A. Perry. Poe described himself as 22

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years of age, a native of Boston, 5' 8" in height, with gray eyes, brown hair and a fair complexion, and listed his occupation as a clerk. Assigned first to Fort Independence in Boston Harbor for training, he was presently transferred to the Quartermaster's Office. Meantime, in midsummer of 1827, through the offices of a Boston acquaintance, he got his first book printed. Little more than a pamphlet, wrapped in a buff cover and containing some 40 pages, it bore the title *Tamerlane and Other Poems*. The author's name appeared nowhere; the title page simply indicated that the work was "By a Bostonian."

On November 8, 1827, Poe's company boarded the *Waltham* in Boston Harbor and ten days later docked at Fort Moultrie, off Charleston, South Carolina. While stationed there, he started work on his first symbolic poem, longer than *Tamerlane* and bolder in concept, calling it *Al Araaf*.

Despite a promotion to Regimental Sergeant Major, Poe decided the army was not for him, and confessing his true name and identity, asked for a discharge. It was granted on condition that he achieve a reconciliation with his foster father. When John Allan refused, Poe suffered a nervous collapse and was taken to the post hospital with a fever. Then on February 28, 1829, Frances Allan died, and John Allan, according to his wife's last request, agreed to see his foster son again. The discharge from the army was arranged, and the two men made a truce. It did not last long, however, and in May Poe left his father's home to stay with his widowed cousin Mrs. Maria Clemm and her young daughter Virginia. Meantime, *Al Araaf* was published by a Baltimore firm and received considerable critical notice.

In the summer of 1830, the young poet turned back once more to the idea of a military career. Taking entrance examinations for West Point, he gained admission, and immediately regretted it. He fell into the same drinking and gambling habits that he had surrendered to at the University of Virginia. Once more John Allan, now remarried, refused to pay his foster son's bills. Early in 1831, Poe was court-martialed and discharged.

He left the Point for nearby New York, where he succeeded in arranging for publication of a book of his poems, after which he again took trunk and carpetbag to his cousin Mrs. Clemm in Baltimore. The death of his brother William Henry had the effect of strengthening his dependence on Mrs. Clemm. A love affair with a Baltimore belle named Mary Starr ended in a scandal caused by Poe's drinking. Shortly afterward John Allan cut his foster son out of his will, and Mrs. Clemm, her daughter Virginia and their wayward poet cousin found themselves in serious straits.

But in 1833 a sudden new gleam of hope shone. On October 12 of that year the Baltimore weekly, *Saturday Visitor*, published a short story that had won the periodical's \$50 prize—*MS. Found in a Bottle*, by Edgar A. Poe. More important than the money was the critical acclaim for the 24-year-old author. Very soon Poe was earning money by writing. The *Southern Literary Messenger* published *Berenice*, *Shadow*, and other stories. But at the very time that his career was beginning to flourish, Poe started experimenting with opium, under the influence of English poets Elizabeth Barrett and



trabalho *Obra Poética de Edgar Allan Poe* [com os originais em exposição na Casa Fernando Pessoa, em Março de 2009], fiz dois conjuntos de ilustrações em momentos diferentes. O primeiro teve uma abordagem muito mais plástica, afastando-me até do conceito tradicional de ilustração por necessidade de fugir aos clichés relacionados com Poe, o que já não aconteceu num segundo momento. Nessa altura, acabei por tocar mais o imaginário gótico, mas isso também se deveu à ideia gráfica do livro, a preto e branco. Aproximei-me mais do gótico, com a ressalva de que é impossível abordar seja o que for sem o cruzar com a visão que vou tendo do mundo. Consegui encontrar alguns pontos de humor e de salto para o meu próprio quotidiano.

[P.R.] Poe e a música têm uma ligação muito profícua, sendo o seu imaginário inescapável do nosso património mental e consciência colectiva. Coloca-se o problema de o fantástico não ser uma tipologia musicológica. Não obstante a influência de Poe abrange toda uma constelação de autores, desde Baudelaire, aos simbolistas do século XIX, Mallarmé e Verlaine, com influência predominante na música no início do século XX, que também se desenvolveu em Portugal nos círculos musicais da época. Poe fez parte das referências determinantes para o pensa-

variety of works and authors, and I rapidly changing style, which is related to a personal attitude of constant search in the arts and life. If we divide ourselves into genres or styles, there's a risk of not making it back. For *Obra Poética de Edgar Allan Poe* [Poe's Complete Poetical Works, whose original illustrations were on display at Fernando Pessoa House, during March 2009] I made two sets of illustrations, at different moments. The first set had a more plastic approach, and I moved away from the traditional notion of illustration to escape from the clichés related to Poe, which didn't happen on the second occasion. I felt I had actually come closer to the Gothic universe then, but that was also due to the graphic idea of the book, in black and white. I drew closer to the Gothic style always keeping in mind that it's impossible for me to approach something without intersecting it with my worldviews. I was able to find some comic details and a few connections to my day-to-day life.

[P.R.] Poe and music are deeply linked. His imagery is something impossible to decouple from our mental heritage and collective awareness. There's the problem that the Fantastic is not a musicological typology. Nevertheless, Poe's influence covers a whole group of writers, from Baudelaire to the 19th-century symbolists - Mallarmé and Verlaine - and he had a big influence on early 20th-century

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TALES of MYSTERY and HORROR

mento estético de músicos que pretendiam renunciar à obsessão de desenhar mimeticamente o que há em redor. A ideia de fantástico torna possível não só fugir como transgredir a realidade. Olhando para o *Vathek* de Luís de Freitas Branco, a partir da obra de Beckford, retiro uma impressão semelhante à dos vários anos que passei a estudar *Salomé*, de Oscar Wilde e de Strauss: o gótico pode ser uma alavanca para romper uma série de regras e cânones. O imaginário transgressor literário fez com que Strauss explodisse toda uma série de códigos musicais. Luís de Freitas Branco fez o mesmo com o *Vathek*: inspirou-se em elementos oníricos, experimentais ao nível sensorial, levando-os a um nível inaudito. Cada variação corresponde a um dos cinco palácios que representam os cinco sentidos. É uma obra texturalmente muito rica, com uma dimensão polifónica a 59 vozes, só com as cordas, que nunca se tinha feito.

[F.R.] Os livros do Poe são como os bons discos que não ficam na prateleira e sazonalmente voltamos a ouvir. Tendo Poe uma relação particular com a música, muitas foram as artes que ele penetrou, o que se deve a ter-se tornado num ícone pop. Um exemplo muito curioso é a gravata da Poe Society usada pelas organizadoras. Nem todos os autores chegam ao nível de ter *merchandise*, de ser estampados numa *t-shirt* para dar lucro. Essa popularização de Poe permite congregar pessoas de áreas diferente ligando-as ao fantástico. Na música que represento, o *heavy metal* e o gótico sempre foram estilos muito literários, recorrendo à palavra e à imagem que provoca nas nossas cabeças, podendo levar as pessoas aos livros. É interessante ver na wikipédia a ex-

music, which also developed in Portugal within the musical circles of the time. Poe was a decisive reference to the aesthetic thought of musicians who aspired to reject the obsession of drawing their surroundings in a mimetic style. The notion of the Fantastic made it possible not only to escape reality but also to transcend it. If we look at *Vathek* by Luís de Freitas Branco, based on Beckford's text, I have a similar feeling to the one I had during the years I studied *Salomé* by Oscar Wilde and by Strauss: the Gothic can be a lever that breaks a set of rules and canons. The literary transgressive imagination led Strauss to explode a series of musical codes. Luís de Freitas Branco did the same thing with *Vathek* through his inspiration in dreamlike elements, that were experimentalist at a sensorial level, and took them to an unprecedented level. Each variation represents one of the five palaces which in turn represent the five senses. Structurally this is a magnificent work, with a polyphonic dimension of 59 voices, of strings alone, which is something that had never been tried before

[F.R.] Poe's books are like those good CDs that don't stay on the shelf for long, since we seasonally need to listen to them again. Not only did Poe have a privileged relationship with music, but he intersected several art forms, which led to his current pop icon status. A curious example of this is the Poe Society necktie the organisers are wearing now. Not all authors have the privilege of having their own merchandise items, of having their image printed on t-shirts to make a profit. It's Poe's popularisation that gathers people from different areas and links them to the Fantastic. The music styles I represent, heavy metal and Gothic, have always been very literary styles, using

tensa lista sobre a influência de Poe na música, desde os compositores clássicos, às bandas rock, *heavy metal* e experimental. Há uma banda finlandesa, os HIM, cujo vocalista tem os olhos de Poe tatuados nas costas. O apadrinhamento de Poe por autores fortes, como Baudelaire ou Fernando Pessoa, que o traduziram, foi importante. Relativamente ao fantástico em Portugal, a ideia que tenho é a de que sou procurado pelos média por ser um cliché com pernas (cabelo comprido, joalharia, por aí fora...) mas há uma resistência generalizada a que as pessoas gostem *realmente* da cultura fantástica, que tem imensos adeptos em Portugal. No caso de Poe, ele é representante de algo mais vasto: escreve muito bem e entretém ainda melhor. Agora, há pessoas que gostam de explorar o lado lunar das coisas, e isso é saudável. São coisas que nos fascinam mas também nos equilibram: não assumimos o nosso lado negro só pode levar à sua perversão. Pela minha parte, faço-o desde a adolescência. Podia ter sido surfista mas não fui por aí. Esta via é uma coisa fantástica precisamente por nos representar de uma forma tão inesperada, mas não menos verdadeira.

[F.M.] Eu sou o gótico menos gótico que há porque sou músico de jazz, mas isso faz-me ligar as coisas, visto acreditar que em toda a inovação deve respeitar-se a tradição. Quando penso no que me influenciou, desde a infância, penso em pianistas de que gostava, e lembro-me também de estar a ver *O Drácula* na RTP às tantas da manhã. Se nos perguntarmos por que saíram as pessoas de sua casa para virem à Casa Fernando Pessoa, dá para perceber como tudo está ligado. Poe é um tipo que tinha uma série de ideias, vi-

words and images that may lead people to read these kinds of books. It's interesting that you can find a long list of Poe's influence on music on Wikipedia, from classic composers to rock, heavy metal and experimental bands. There's a Finnish band, HIM, whose lead singer has Poe's eyes tattooed on his back. The fact that Poe's been adopted by famous authors, such as Baudelaire or Fernando Pessoa, who translated his work, is quite significant. On the topic of the Fantastic in Portugal, I think that the media seeks me out for being a walking cliché (long hair, jewellery, and so on...). Nevertheless, there seems to be a general resistance against the fact that people may *really* like the Fantastic, which does have a lot of fans in Portugal. As for Poe, he represents something more far-reaching: he writes quite well and entertains even better. Now, there are people who like to explore the lunar side of things and that's healthy. These are things that fascinate us but also balance us out: not assuming one's dark side can only lead to perversion. As for me, I've been doing it since I was a teenager. I could have been a surfer but I didn't follow that path. This path is something fantastic precisely because it can represent us in such unexpected, but none-the-less genuine ways.

[F.M.] Since I'm a jazz musician, I'm the less gothic of Goths, but that only makes me relate things because I believe that all innovation must respect tradition. When I think of my early influences, I think of the pianists I liked, but I also remember watching *Dracula* on TV late at night. If we ask ourselves why people left their homes today to come to the Fernando Pessoa House, we can understand how everything is interconnected. Poe was someone who had a lot of ideas, lived

via bastante mal, e na altura provavelmente não imaginava que muitos anos depois íamos estar aqui. Mas há uma razão, uma paixão profunda pelo que é pouco normal, extraordinário, ou não existe, mas em que nós ainda não desistimos de acreditar. As pessoas que deixaram de acreditar que existe um monstro no armário são pessoas cinzentas, e nós tentamos não ser essas pessoas. Cada um combate como pode. Mas existe tal comunidade e a necessidade de continuar essa herança, e é a vontade de contribuirmos para isso que nos faz continuar a tocar piano, a fazer canções, filmes e livros. A influência de Poe em mim não é directa, mas através de tanta gente que contribuiu para a tal herança. Sinto grande orgulho em ter uma foto ao lado de Roger Corman, que para mim é como Zeus, fez grandes filmes adaptados de Poe, e lembrou-se de fazer um filme sobre uma mulher-vespa a andar num carro tecnológico. Só espero que cá apareçam cada vez mais pessoas, pelo menos a *tentar* fazer coisas neste género. Havendo isso, o resto está encaminhado.

[A.M.] Se os nossos armários não tiverem monstros, então pomo-los lá nós e fica o problema resolvido. Não vim aqui propriamente falar de Poe porque não o leio há uns 40 anos e a minha memória já não está muito boa. Mas não lhe acho menos graça por isso, até por ser, indirectamente, o "argumentista" de filmes incríveis. Além dos de Roger Corman, para mim um dos melhores filmes inspirados em Poe é *A Queda da Casa de Usher*, de Jean Epstein, um filme mudo. Eu dei aulas de cinema, fiz cinema, e sempre mantive que o cinema mudo e sonoro deviam ter nomes distintos. Se um é cinema o outro deixa de ser. A arte do cinema mudo não era

só trabalhar a mímica, mas sobretudo a montagem e a imaginação visual – a música visual extraordinária que os realizadores inventavam para transmitir a ideia de som, ou às vezes, mais difícil, a ideia de silêncio. No filme de Epstein, é impressionante a parte em que está o protagonista naquela grande mansão, com vários relógios espalhados, grandes e pequenos, e, quando chega a fatal meia-noite, há uma montagem de planos encadeados, em sucessão e ritmo de pêndulos, que nos dão a ideia de uma música de badaladas... Poe deu origem a muitas coisas – os Corman, o próprio Lovecraft, o Fernando Pessoa, inclusivamente o nosso Teófilo Braga com os seus *Contos Fantásticos*. Insere-se numa árvore genealógica que tem também ramificações para trás. Fiz uma lista de literatura gótica, onde Poe surge mais ou menos entre o Jacques Cazotte, com o recomendável *O Diabo Amoro* do século XVIII, e o Lovecraft. A seguir ao Cazotte ainda temos Beckford, com *Vathek*... depois a Ann Radcliffe, que é anterior a Poe e o influenciou. Temos o Matthew Lewis com o *O Monge*, o Goethe com *A Noiva de Corinto*, o *Novalis*... e um de que eu gosto muito, Potocki com o *Manuscrito Encontrado em Saragoga*. Poe também deve ter ido lá beber, tal como a Hoffmann, com *O Elixir do Diabo*, a Mary Shelley com *Frankenstein*, a Maturin com *Melmoth*... Depois há os que vêm a seguir a Poe: os três grandes modelos mais recentes são Heinz Ewers, que tem um excelente romance *Mandrágora*, mas é um autor maldito com a pouca sorte de ter sido simpatisante nazi, tuberculoso e homossexual. Outro é Gustav Meyrink, que fez *O Golem*, e finalmente o querido Lovecraft, que ainda hoje leio por ser viciante.

rather poorly, and at the time it probably didn't cross his mind that we'd be here so many years later. There's a reason for that, though: a deep passion for the unusual, the extraordinary, or that which does not exist but in which we haven't given up believing in. Grey people are those who've stopped believing there's a monster in the closet, but we try not to be those people. Each one of us fights as he/she can. However, the community exists as well as the need to extend this heritage, and that's what gives us the urge to go on playing the piano, write songs and books and make films. Poe's influence on me was indirect; it came through a group of people who've contributed towards that heritage. I'm proud to be in a photo next to Roger Corman: he's like Zeus to me, a man who's made great films, adaptations of Poe, and didn't forget to make a film about a wasp-woman who drove a technological car. I just hope that more and more people step forward, and at least try to make these types of things. With that in motion, the rest will come of itself.

[A.M.] If we don't have monsters inside our closets, then we'll put them there and problem solved. I didn't come here to talk about Poe exactly because I haven't read him in 40 years and my memory isn't as good as it used to be. But that doesn't mean I like him any less, especially because he's the indirect "screenwriter" of incredible films. Besides Roger Corman's films, for me one of the best films inspired in Poe is Jean Epstein's *The Fall of the House of Usher*, a silent film. I've taught cinema lessons and made films, and I have always maintained that silent films and sound films represent different models of art and should therefore have different designations. The art of silent films didn't

only involve working on mimicry, but was mostly about editing and visual imagination – directors invented extraordinary visual 'music' to convey the idea of sound and sometimes, which is even more difficult, the idea of silence. There's an impressive scene in Epstein's film where the main character is inside this huge mansion, surrounded by several clocks, some of them big and others small, and when we get to the fateful hour of midnight, there's a sequence of shots to the rhythm of the pendulums which give us the idea of the music of the strokes of midnight... Poe brought forth many things – the Corman, Lovecraft himself, Fernando Pessoa and even the Portuguese writer Teófilo Braga with his *Fantastic Short Stories*. Poe is part of a family tree whose branches also stretch out into the past. I've made a list of Gothic literature where Poe appears more or less between Jacques Cazotte, with his commendable 18th-century *The Devil in Love*, and Lovecraft. After Cazotte, we also have Beckford and his *Vathek*... and then Ann Radcliffe, who came before Poe and inspired him. There's *Matthew Lewis with The Monk*, Goethe's *The Bride of Corinth*, Novalis... and one of the authors I'm particularly fond of: Potocki, with *The Saragosa Manuscript*. He must have been one of Poe's influences, as well as Hoffman's *The Devil's Elixir*, Mary Shelley's *Frankenstein*, Maturin's *Melmoth*... Then we have those who came after Poe – the three important modern examples are: Heinz Ewers, who wrote an admirable novel called *Mandrágora* but who was a cursed author and unlucky enough to have been gay, and a Nazi sympathiser who got TB. The second example is Gustav Meyrink, who wrote *The Golem*, and last but not least, our dear Lovecraft, whom I'm still addicted to.

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II. QUAL A LINHAGEM DO FANTÁSTICO NAS DIFERENTES ÁREAS ARTÍSTICAS EM PORTUGAL?

[F.A.] Na área das artes plásticas, encontro ligações com o fantástico no campo mais específico da ilustração e das revistas, muitas coisas que talvez já tenham passado pelas mãos de todos nós. Começaria por *Repórter X*, dos anos 30, com muita ilustração e preciosidades de Stuart de Carvalhais. Acho piada aos autores que dão uma chegada ao fantástico mas não são propriamente do género. Estava a pensar na lista do António de Macedo, e por exemplo no *Horla*, de Maupassant, que é uma história ofegante. Voltando a Stuart, reparo que ele nem sempre assina as ilustrações, e penso que isso se prende com o fantástico ser quase um sub-género, o *trash*. O *Repórter X*, Reinaldo Ferreira – que foi dramaturgo, encenador e cineasta, com raridades como *O Táxi nº 9297* – roçava o fantástico com histórias mirabolantes, muito também na senda do Lovecraft que eu acho que influenciou muitos dos escritores e jornalistas destas revistas de reportagem e crime: títulos como *Os Mistérios da Vida Lisboa*, *O Anão Amarelo* e *O Laboratório dos Feitiços*... Houve também a coleção Vampiro com capas de autores portugueses e importância no panorama das nossas artes plásticas... como exemplo, Raymond Chandler com *A Dama do Lago*, por Lima de Freitas...

[A.M.] Também Cândido Costa Pinto, que foi um grande surrealista português...

[F.A.] A propósito do surrealismo... alguém me sugeriu, quando eu disse que vinha para este debate, que falasse do Cruzeiro Seixas. Ai temos de se-

II. ARE THERE ANY DESCENDENTS OF THE FANTASTIC IN THE DIFFERENT ARTISTIC AREAS IN PORTUGAL?

[F.A.] As far as the visual arts are concerned, we can find links especially in illustration and magazines, objects that most of us might have already seen. I would start with *Repórter X*, from the 30s, which contained lots of illustrations and rare gems by Stuart de Carvalhais. I rather enjoy authors who kind of touch on the Fantastic but don't exactly belong to the genre. I'm thinking of António Macedo's list, and for instance Maupassant's *The Horla*, a breathtaking story. Going back to Stuart, I find that he sometimes doesn't sign his illustrations, and I think that's because the Fantastic is considered to be almost a sub-genre, trash. *Repórter X*, Reinaldo Ferreira – who was a playwright, stage-manager, film-maker and the author of rarities like Taxi 9297 – brushed the Fantastic with his wacky stories, along the same lines as Lovecraft, whom I think influenced many of the authors and journalists of these news stories and crime magazines: titles such as *The Mysteries of Life in Lisbon*, *The Yellow Dwarf* and *The Laboratory of Spells*... There was also the Vampiro collection, rather important in the Portuguese visual arts world, with covers by Portuguese authors... Raymond Chandler's *The Lady in the Lake*, for instance, by Lima de Freitas...

[A.M.] Also Cândido Costa Pinto, who was a great Portuguese surrealist...

[F.A.] On the subject of surrealism... when I said I was going to participate in this debate, someone suggested I talk about Cruzeiro Seixas. But in this case we must draw a line somewhere: more than a genre, surrealism is an artistic school. There was also, in what regards cover art,

parar um pouco as águas: o surrealismo é uma escola artística mais do que um género. Houve ainda a *Coleção X*, e, mais recentemente, a Ar-gonauta, com capas também de autores portugueses.

[ANTÓNIA LIMA] Lembro, nas artes plásticas contemporâneas, Nuno Cera, nomeadamente com fotografias que fez dos incêndios em florestas portuguesas, a preto e branco, que levam o espectador para uma atmosfera transfigurada, uma catástrofe natural tão prodigiosa que parece que não existe, uma negritude aliás muito poética, capaz de uma dimensão transcendental.

[P.R.] Para mim não foi fácil tentar identificar o que existe na música em Portugal. Como a música tem um carácter abstracto mais do que representacional, torna-se difícil tipificá-la. Pensei em duas hipóteses: inclusão de elementos do imaginário fantástico como motor criativo, e obras com texto ou um programa mais explícito. Encontrei referências que fiquei com vontade de explorar mais. Freitas Branco compôs, além do *Vathek*, a trilogia *La Mort* sobre três poemas d'*As Flores do Mal* de Baudelaire, os *Paraisos Artificiais* em 1910, e oito canções de Antero de Quental onde se sente essa inquietação do contacto com o não-ser. Falamos do compositor que é considerado o primeiro modernista em música em Portugal. A seguir, a influência do fantástico parece-me mais negligenciável, talvez porque durante o Estado Novo parte da música se submeteu a cânones de nacionalismo. Recentemente tem havido um ressurgimento. Ocorre-me *Os Canibais*, com o libreto e música de João Paes para o filme de Manoel de Oliveira sobre

Coleção X and more recently, Argonauta, with covers by Portuguese authors too. [ANTÓNIA LIMA] I recall the contemporary Portuguese visual artist Nuno Cera, an international figure who became famous namely for taking black and white photographs of fires that had broken out in Portuguese forests. These photos take the spectator to a transfigured atmosphere, a natural catastrophe so extravagant that it looks as if it doesn't exist – actually a very Poe-like blackness, capable of a transcendental and ghostly dimension, very rooted in reality.

[P.R.] For me it was difficult to try to identify what there is in terms of music in Portugal. Since music has more of an abstract nature than a representational one, it's hard to typify. I thought of two possibilities: the inclusion of Fantastic elements as a creative matrix, and works with texts or more specific agendas. What I did find made me want to explore even further. Besides *Vathek*, Freitas Branco composed the *La Mort* trilogy on three poems from Baudelaire's *The Flowers of Evil*, *Artificial Paradises* in 1910 and eight songs written by Antero de Quental, where we can feel that anxiety of getting in touch with non-being. We're talking of someone who is considered to have been the first Portuguese modernist composer. After that the influence of the Fantastic seems to me of far less importance, maybe because during the Estado Novo dictatorial period, some music complied to nationalist canons. There has been some revivalism lately. *The Cannibals* comes to mind, libretto and music by João Paes for Manoel de Oliveira's film on a 19th-century tale by Alvaro do Carvalho; *The End*, one of Carlos Marcos's pieces on a text by António Patrício (2004); *Ramos Rosa's* 9

o conto do século XIX de Álvaro de Carvalho; *O Fim*, obra de Carlos Marecos sobre um texto de António Patrício (2004); as *9 Canções de Ramos Rosa* por António Pinho Vargas. Há ainda a ópera baseada no conto de Eça *O Defunto*, de 2007, de Daniel Schvetz. Existe outro imaginário fantástico – mais doce, maravilhoso – que eu não erradei da minha lista, porque também acho importante nas tendências recentes: o *Das Märgen* do Emanuel Nunes, ou *Contos Fantásticos*, de Luís Tinoco, com texto de Terry Jones num registo mais fabuloso, onírico.

III. A ARTE DO TERROR PODE MATAR? HAVERÁ UMA ESTÉTICA PERVERSA QUE CONVIDA AO CRIME E A VIOLÊNCIA NA SOCIEDADE?

[ANTÓNIA LIMA] Cito o Marquês de Sade:

o terror na criatividade é uma resposta a um mundo insensível à violência...

[F.R.] Quando acontece algo de incomum, os média apontam logo influências artísticas e sobretudo musicais como causas. Mas nós é que temos um lado perverso; a arte é uma tentativa de representação do que somos, do que conhecemos e do que possivelmente desconhecemos. Já que estamos na Casa Pessoa dou como exemplo o tema *Opium* dos *Moonspell*, citando no fim o *Opário* de Álvaro de Campos. Houve reacções repressivas. Na Alemanha, a polícia foi à editora, retirou o meu nome porque eu era o autor das letras.... Há uma hierarquia de causas su-postas para a violência e a tragédia, onde, colocadas em contexto, a música e a arte de terror estão muitos furos abaixo da televisão, dos média, da religião... É certo que se eu não quisesse influenciar não metia os pés num palco. Mas o

Songs composed by António Pinho Vargas. There is also a grand opera that Daniel Schvetz composed in 2007, based on Eça de Queirós story, *O Defunto*. There's another Fantastic dimension – sweeter, wonderful – that I haven't scratched off from my list because of its importance in recent trends: Emanuel Nunes's *Das Märgen*; or Luís Tinoco's *Fantastic Tales*, written by Terry Jones in a more fabulous and dreamlike tone.

III. CAN THE ART OF TERROR KILL? IS THERE SUCH A THING AS AN AESTHETICS OF THE PERVERSE, WHICH APPEALS TO CRIME AND VIOLENCE?

[ANTÓNIA LIMA] Quoting Marquis de Sade: *in creativity, terror is a response to a world insensitive to violence...*

[F.R.] When something unusual happens, the media immediately point to artistic influences, especially musical ones, as causes. But perversity is inside; art is an attempt to represent what we are, what we know and what we possibly don't know. Since we're here at Pessoa House, I'd like to give the example of the theme *Moonspell's Opium*, which quotes Álvaro de Campos's *Opário* at the end. There were some repressive reactions to it. In Germany, the police went to the publishing house and pulled out my name because I had written the lyrics... There's a hierarchy of assumed causes for violence and tragedy... But placed into context, television, the media and religion are miles above music and the art of terror... Granted: if I didn't want to influence people, I wouldn't set my foot on a stage. But the finger on the trigger or on the button, that's always that person's responsibility. On the contrary, I believe that the art of terror allows us to coexist much better with nature, which can be rather beastly at times. I'm a fan of the

dedo no gatilho, o dedo no botão, é sempre da responsabilidade de quem o move. Acho, pelo contrário, que a arte do terror nos permite conviver melhor com a natureza às vezes um pouco bestial. Sou adepto do “Ousa saber”, tenho a frase tatuada. Estamos cá para levantar véus e pedras, independentemente das consequências.

[A.M.] É discutível até que ponto deve a arte submeter-se à ética. Não posso ultrapassar certos limites com medo de que a criança dê umas facadas na jugular da mãe? Se acharmos que a ética tem direito a regular a arte, corremos o risco de cair na censura, não é saudável. Quanto ao estado da arte em Portugal, não temos muito o culto do horror, do gótico puro e duro como nos países anglo-saxónicos, ou onde tudo começou, na Alemanha... São países lunares, e Portugal é mais solar. Ou antes, divide-se em duas grandes zonas, Sul e Norte do Tejo. O Norte tem a tradição da Fonte que é europeia, vem da Grécia, Fonte Hipocrene, das ninfas. No Sul prevalece o poço ou cisterna, e o seu maravilhoso é o da moura encantada. São dois países, não temos ilusões. Queremos fingir que não. Mas ainda da bem. Já eu, não enjeito o apelido de gótico e ainda digo mais: *neogótico e necromágico*.

“Dare to know” slogan – I’ve got it tattooed, actually. We were born to explore and be irreverent, regardless of the consequences.

[A.M.] The point up to which art should submit to ethics is up for discussion. Should I not be allowed to go beyond certain limits just because a child might slice his/her mother's throat? If we believe that ethics has the right to control art, we risk collapsing into censorship, and that isn't healthy.

As for the state of the art in Portugal, we don't have a big cult of horror, of raw gothic like in Anglo-Saxon countries or in Germany, where it all began... These are lunar countries, and Portugal is more of a solar one. Or rather, it is divided into two major areas: South and North of the Tagus river. The North follows the European Fountain tradition, which comes from Greece, the Hippocrene Fountain, the nymphs. In the South the well or the water-tank prevail, and imagination in the South goes in the direction of the Enchanted Moorish Beauty. Let's not kid ourselves, these are two different countries here. We want to pretend they're not. But I'm glad. In my case, I don't reject being called a Goth, and I'll even go further: *neo-Goth and Necromancer*.

